

step into my office, baby

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by [slybrunette](#)

Summary

It's almost too tempting; aka an exercise in taking risks.

This is like sitting in the principal's office, trying to figure out a way to mess with them as a method of retaliation for that detention or that call home to your parents – not that his would've really bothered to answer. It's like eyeing the hot teacher in biology and throwing the words 'extra credit' around a little too liberally.

It's too fucking tempting.

(Mark did go down on his teacher – college not high school, history not biology, as if that makes a difference – and it's worth noting that she was female, thirty with perky tits that spoke of plastic surgery and full lips that could've given Angelina Jolie's a run for their money.

But then they were all female, until med school and Derek.)

"You're going to tell me you haven't thought about this? Not once?"

He crouches down, on his knees between Derek's legs. The Chief's office has too many windows facing the walkway and not enough file cabinets. Or locks on the door. Patricia only knocks once before she opens the door, she doesn't wait to be asked to come in; some would call that efficient, but to Mark it's a disaster waiting to happen.

"No, I'm telling you that usually it involves Meredith." There are no hurt feelings here; the two of them have always been friends with occasional benefits. Mark gets off on the risk and, more and more, this version of post shooting, seemingly invincible Derek does too.

"Meredith," he says, thoughtfully, as he's sliding down the zipper of Derek's slacks and pulling him out. The initial slip of Mark's fingers down his cock has Derek's hips jerking forward involuntarily, before he gets himself under control. Mark smirks; out of sight but far from out of mind. "Quite the competition."

"Yeah?"

He presses his thumb flat against the slit and Derek's hand tightens its grip on the desk. "Yeah, I think I'm at a disadvantage here."

"Mark," the strain is evident in Derek's voice, the unsteadiness of it, and Mark thinks it might have something to do with how close he is, the way he's breathing, the way he's deliberately not touching Derek at this moment. "Before you say anything about the number of people she's slept with, maybe you should look in a mirror."

"Are you calling me a manwhore?"

"Will it speed this up?"

"Not likely."

"Fuck," is the next thing out of Derek's mouth, but that's because he's tonguing the head of Derek's cock and that's an action that generally tends to call for practically unintelligible curses, not witty comebacks.

After all, Mark's not *really* at a disadvantage here.

When he trails his teeth along the underside, Derek's hips start moving a little more than is absolutely going to work due to cramped quarters and Mark pulls back to let him know that. The other man groans, long-suffering, and Mark takes him in again, slower this time. The hand that Derek doesn't have wrapped around the edge of the desk finds its way to Mark's bobbing head.

He can hear voices and the shuffle of footsteps outside, people passing by the doors, oblivious to what's going on in plain view. For all anyone knows, Derek is doing paperwork at his desk. If his head dips back then he's just stretching out his neck, tired or tense or both.

Mark hums a little and Derek shivers, and then he picks up the pace with the rhythm he's got established until his best friend is spilling down his throat with a grunt and a muttered mangle of words that end with " – shit."

He doesn't bother stopping the self-satisfied smile he gets when he tucks Derek back in, or when he Derek pulls him up, maneuvering them so that they're standing hidden from view thanks to the wall and the file cabinet.

When Derek kisses him, he's searching for his tongue – there's not a lot of question as to what he's searching for. The taste of him is still in Mark's mouth, on his lips and on the tip of his tongue.

"I can tell you one thing," Mark says when they break apart, his thumb scrubbing across the soft skin at the nape of Derek's neck.

"What's that?"

"If you weren't thinking about it before," Derek's expression says he knows where this is going already, "you're going to be now."

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